The Blind Swedish Evangel

By

Alfr. E. Lindberg

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AMERICAN FOUNDATION
FOR THE BLIND INC.

REV. A. J. FREEMAN

The Blind Swedish Evangel

Rev. A. J. Freeman

By

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Moline, Ill.

Blind? . . . that the works of God should be manifest in him.
John 9: 1-3.

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PREFACE.

To know *the God-Man* is everlasting life. To know *Godly Men* is—life.

But only through love may we know one another. The old proverb, "Love is blind" is not true, for only true love has a true vision. "We see now darkly . . ., but then (when love is perfect) we shall see face to face."

In this book I have focused my admiration for my friend, Rev. A. J. Freeman. All the word pictures of him that you find in it are developed in the light of true friendship. I think you will be happier, wealthier and wiser by reading these chapters. His whole life is crowded with romantic touches. His work as an evangelist has been to thousands of souls as breezes from the land of everlasting spring.

Mr. Freeman's former life sketch "Underbara Levnadsöden" has been, we might say, a closed book to especially "Young America."

I have therefore tried to have this publication "talk the language of the brave and of the land of the free." You'll find in it pools of refreshing water for your intellect, and inspiring draughts for your soul. Reading it should be a benediction to you.

Yours sincerely,

Alfred E. Lindberg.

P. S. The author has no financial interest in the sale of this book. He has written it for Mr. Freeman simply as a friend would do a favor for another friend.

CHAPTER I.

A WORD-PICTURE OF THE EVANGELIST.

> *"The face you had as a child God gave to you; the face you have now, you have made for yourself."*

This saying is very true. We may know a person by three things, by his face, by his voice, and by his walk. Each will reveal to a marked degree a person's inner self: Gait and gesture are an index of character. You can form opinion, approximately true, from swing and carriage. The movement of hand and head and foot is pregnant with meaning.

He who walks erect and upright evidences emphasis, self-esteem. The gentle noiseless stepper is a schemer. The shambler is an idler. The short, quick step is full of business and "go." Whatever else we may say about Mr. Freeman's "walk," I think this is true: "He walks with God," keeps

step with God. This, of course, is the real source of his power as an evangelist.

When you look closely at Mr. Freeman's face you'll notice that a great and important part of it is not there—the soul playing in its windows are not there. The curtains are rolled down and the real Mr. Freeman lives behind them in absolute physical darkness.

His one eye, the right one, looks perfect, but has never had the power of vision. The optic nerve of the other one was accidentally destroyed many years ago.

Ordinarily the loss of vision is about as fatal to the beauty of a face as the absence of light would be to a cathedral window or to the crystals in the Mammoth Cave. But Freeman's face is not stamped with that blank, hopeless, sad, and unintelligent expression that is so common to most blind people. His features appear expressive of life, so much so that many have refused to believe that he is stone blind. "Why," I have heard people say, "he looks right at us and seems to know where we are."

Yes, he sees alright, but he sees with his ears and with his touch and with his extra

ordinary sense of feeling. There is seemingly present with him an instinctive apprehension of things about him, for he is able, as a rule, to tell when he gets near a wall or a door and, if a person is ever so quiet in a room where Mr. Freeman is, it will be only a matter of moments before he is detected and you'll hear Mr. Freeman call out, "Who is in the room, please?"

These sensitive powers are present in every one of us, but latent as long as the ordinary means of observation fulfill their functions. But as soon as one power is conquered or destroyed "the creator's reserves" in the human organism march forth to assist us. We are certainly, as the psalmist sings, "most wonderfully and fearfully made."

Mr. Freeman is, because of the marked liveliness of those latent powers in him, a very interesting companion. He will tell you very soon if you have a "roman nose" or a "pug-nose," if you look like a tooth pick or a beer barrel. And if you are not on your watch he will give you a somersault so quick-

ly and easily that you don't know what has happened before it is all over.

People who see Freeman in his campaigns only when he is working with souls and fighting the devil, will naturally receive the impression that he is of a heavy and extremely sober disposition, a sort of a long-faced fellow. But when he relaxes from the strain in the pulpit, he becomes a playing child and a sunshiny companion. Ordinarily you may see in his face both gravity and smiles at the same time.

Freeman is of a quite heavy build, almost six feet tall and weighs about 210 pounds. Few men are able to floor him if it comes to a match on the lawn. His brain is covered with a heavy black "mane." I have told him jokingly sometimes that that is a sign of weakness. For a realy strong brain is able to protect itself without such covering and that's why so many wise men are bald-headed. It is not easy however to convert him to that idea.

Freeman has a forceful presence but is never overbearing or harsh. He likes to have his way about things, but you can

make him come your way if you reason with him till his "eyes" open, but he must "see."

If it appears to him neccessary to be stern, he has all the powers in him to command. Once, Esther, his daughter, who has been his eyes and right hand for fourteen years, had "her heart on exhibition" to a young admirer They were traveling by train from Minneapolis to St. Paul at the time and the young man had on the quiet boarded the train to accompany Esther to St. Paul. At the "next station" Esther arose to go to the door and say a sweet good-bye to her new friend, but father Freeman suspected something unusual in the air, something that sounded rather dangerous in a blind father's ears and he commanded as only Freeman can do it, "Sit down!" So effectively did he do this that not only Esther sat down, but every one else in the Pullman car sat down, and only the microbes in the plush seats were jumping as if from an explosion.—But the young man, in spite of it all, had priced Esther's heart and he purchased it later without much trouble from father Freeman.

In his appearance and manners you'll find

him very neat and orderly. At the table he is doing as well as anybody, not only in eating, but in the etiquette of the table as well.

His memory is wonderful. That of course is the direct result of his blindness. Again it must be noted the saying that the strength of a last limb will go into *the ones* left. Freeman's memory now is about as reliable as a memorandum book. Think of it, he has about one-hundred-seventy-six songs committed to memory, words, music, and all. He can tell their number and sing the verses in correct order. The other day I asked him to tell me something about his trip to Sweden a few years ago, and to my surprise he related to me how he traveled from place to place as if he had read it from a time table. He had visited and revisited about twenty-four cities and towns.

With political and other current questions of the day he has an intelligent familiarity and possesses a sound judgement of the trends of time. The world war in its divers phases is a daily study to him. If the "Kaiser" sinks an allied ship, Freeman's face sinks with it and if he takes a hill Freeman

becomes ill. But when the English and French "clear the slopes," that restores his hopes, for he is a true patriot and believes America will win the day and redeem the freedom of the world now trampled under foot by the beast of militarism personified in German civilization.

Mr. Freeman is also a very shrewd business man. We will show you in another chapter how he was able to succeed in spite of all his handicaps, how he bought, repaired, and sold houses and always made more or less on every deal. Never was he fooled and he fooled none.

Many a reader will wonder how he is able to travel. I'll tell you, when God led him in to darkness he developed for him two new eyes. The one was "Esther," of her I'll make mention later, the other was his "brain." Mr. Freeman's brain and heart work together like a charm when he is traveling. "Everything works for the best for them that love God." Of this truth Freeman's heart is fully aware. For instance, when the blind evangelist leaves a town after a series of meetings, several hundred

people will sometimes gather at the station to tell him good speed. The train crew begins to wonder what a remarkable person this man must be who is cheered away by such a great and happy throng. Because of all this they will take special notice of the blind gentleman and they'll help him in and out of the car and diner and everybody is pleased to lend a hand. If he travels through a big city the conductor leaves him in the hands of the "Red Caps" and they guide him to the next train or hotel. "Everything goes well," Mr. Freeman says, "if I only trust myself to the personnel of the trains and hotels and practice trust and patience instead of being cranky. Mr. Freeman thinks the railroadmen are the best men in the world, polite, and attentive to their business.

Another time Mr. Freeman was walking arm in arm with Rev. Albin Holmer, then in Des Moines, Iowa. The two reverends had a great tumble from a private walk down three or four steps to the sidewalk below. Mr. Holmer was walking a little fast and gave no signs of steps ahead and Freeman

stumbled and tumbled and of course dragged his "guide" down with him. In the excitement Mr. H. hollered to Freeman, "Can't you see where you are going, you old rascal?" and Freeman, who was lying quite comfortably on the sidewalk, retorted good naturedly but without a smile, "No, you mutt, that's the trouble."

A still more dangerous adventure occurred once in Muskegon, Michigan, while he was there to rest a few days.

Rev. F. Lofstrom had invited him to "batch" with him while his wife was away visiting relatives. The old gent, Rev. J. P. Forsell, was also in town visiting his daughter. The three reverends met and decided on a fishing trip. The Rev. Lofstrom, very orthodox and familiar with theology, but not so well versed in how to get a blind man safely into a boat, stepped first into the boat. This done he took Freeman by the hand and picked up his foot with one hand trying to steer it over the edge of the boat. Forsell was up by the shed thinking of black bass and such things. Suddenly he hard a splash and turning about towards the boat he saw

the two reverends no more, but lots of bubbles around the boat. Freeman had pushed Lofstrom backward into the water and followed closely to the bottom four feet below through slime and mud. If Lofstrom had been really orthodox he should have advised Freeman to crawl on his fours into the boat. As a result of being heretical in practice, both had now backslidden and were down and out. After some hasty and deep deliberations they emerged from the visit to Neptune and struggled home. Freeman was put to bed while his clothes were hung on the line to dry.

One evening after a meeting in Ballard, Wash., pastor Ellison and Freeman were debating some knotty subject. One of the deacons butted in just as Freeman was emphasizing a point with a tremendous swing of his arm. But the real point that was flattened down this time was the deacon's nose. How many sore heads we would have in this world if punishment for "butting in" came on so swiftly all the time.

Freeman's hearing is very sensitive. Any little noise disturbs him. In Lake Alida a

young man who attended the meetings was suffering badly from adinoids, so much so that his breathing sounded almost like mild snoring. Freeman, relying as usual on his hearing, stopped in his discourse and begged "the mother to kindly wake up the baby so that his snoring wouldn't disturb the meeting." Great amusement. Sometimes when people cry under the influence of his preaching he is apt to think that they are inattentive and will admonish them to be quiet or leave the room, etc.

These are only a few extracts from many incidents in the varied experiences of his long career and it goes to show how difficult it is for one sense to fill the place of another even though trained to perfection. No ear can fully take the place of an eye. So it is also in the body of Christ in which all believers are members. Freeman and all of us have there our distinct places. You and I can not be a Freeman or a Billy Sunday, neither can they take the place of you and me without bringing in disorder.

In knowing people Freeman is quite an expert—not their faces, but their characters.

In this he excels many who can see. We are distracted and misled by appearances, by a beautiful face or figure or even clothes. All such things do not affect Mr. Freeman's judgement. Your voice and words reveal to him what you are. Some young people are much older in knowledge, experiences and character-development than in years. He is "at sea" entirely in guessing your age in years, but your character-age he reveals to you better than you know it yourself.

A man or a woman whose face and figure is not attractive at all according to common observations, may stand before him, but to Mr. Freeman those wrinkles, that ashy complexion, that misshaped nose and mouth which distract and mislead others, do not interfere so as to defile and distort his judgement. To him the inner personality appears through a sweet voice and by intelligent and kind words. The defects of the "temporal man" are invisible to Freeman and he will tell you in truth, this is a fine man, this is a beautiful woman, no matter what the complexion or form is.

REV. A. J. FREEMAN'S MOTHER

Yes, in that light our dear mothers come forth glorified in their hidden beauty.

"Such beautiful, beautiful hands,
They're neither white nor small.
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.

I've looked on hands whose forms and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are my mother's wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me."

So the outer man grows old and faded as the years go by, but the inner man becomes more fresh and youthful. The outer man goes from spring to winter; the soul, if redeemed, goes from winter to everlasting spring. How real to Mr. Freeman those beautiful words that he so often sings to us must be:

"There's a home in that land
At the Father's right hand,
There are mansions whose joys are untold.
And perennial spring
Where the birds ever sing
And nothing shall ever grow old."

CHAPTER II.

FROM LIGHT TO DARKNESS AND FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

"This leaf! This stone! It is my heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart.
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet
To lay before my dear Lord's feet!"

"Then, I'll nestle my hand in my Father's
And sing, if I can, as I go;
My song may cheer some one behind me
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if my lips do quiver,
God will love me better so."

It has been said that we are all born outside the gate of Paradise, that we are "born blind to the spiritual world," and Freeman found himself no exception to the rest of us in this respect. His spiritual eyes were closed for over twenty-seven years and his vision from birth to that age was therefore confined to the world of sense and materia. Not only this, but one of his physical optic organs, although perfect in appearance,

never recorded a ray of light on the brain cells. He was blind from birth on the right eye.

Eight years after coming to America and at the age of 27 he was working in the John Deere Plow Works and making fair wages, at least enough to comfortably support his family consisting of his wife and two children. It was the 21st day of June. Freeman came home after the day's work as usual in the evening tide. Nothing unusual anywhere. The beautiful sun was slowly setting and its wings of gold spread out its glow over the evening sky. The fragrance of the flowers floated in the balmy air in the "gloaming" and Flora in her beautiful colorings bekoned good-night to a glorious day. The robins were piping and jumping merrily around on the lawn and in the trees amongst the rich foliage of spring, all the birds were singing,

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise Him all creatures here below,

just before placing their little heads under their wings. In the cradle slept baby Oscar and in her little bed Esther was heard stamering off in her childish way,

"Gud, som haver barnen kär,
Se till mig, som liten är.
Vart jag mig i världen vänder,
Står min lycka i Guds händer.
Lyckan kommer, lyckan går,
Den Gud älskar, lyckan får,"

and she too was off in the land of happy dreams. Esther was then about three years old.

Oh, how beautiful this world is and so full of tokens of inspiring love! But this was the last sunset A. J. Freeman ever saw and is was the last glimpse he ever had of his little girl Esther—that girl who should in a short time hence be the guiding hand for a blind father for many years to come.

"Freeman," saith a loving voice, "view it all and drink it in for to-morrow thou shalt be made blind!" But Freeman heard not the voice, everything seemed common place and serene to him. How we would admire and worship if the graces of each day were looked upon as if we should have them no more after to-day!

At 1:10 P. M. the next day in the factory in a friendly scuffle a workman-friend thrust his thumb into Freeman's eye with such result that the optic nerve was severed and

Freeman became stone blind to earthly things as he had before been to heavenly things. We might say that he was in a position to have a foretaste of "the outer darkness." In that terrible blackness there seemed to him hardly a ray of hope. One doctor after the other gave him to understand that there was no hope of ever regaining his vision. After a year in the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary at Chicago, where he was under the care of the best eye specalist in the world, but without succeeding to show him one glimmer of a spring day, his heart sank beyond the safety line. He began to court with death itself. His heart degenerated. The only object in life, if he should live, would be to take revenge on the poor man who had the misfortune to become a party in the accident that made Freeman blind. Yes, his soul raved, his mind swayed into dangerous moods. Death at last seemed to be his best friend and Freeman decided to make his acquaintance.

Stillness reigned in all the wards of the Hospital. Up on the fifth floor all were resting, even the nurse in charge dosed—but

with open eyes. "Meet your only friend through the window," a commanding voice said to Freeman. "Death is waiting for you on the hard sidewalk below."

As he made ready to jump a cry and a prayer went from his blind dispairing soul, which seemed to say, "What shall become of me?" The hand of the faithful nurse gripped his arm and in a moment the desperate man was on his knees praying for the salvation of himself and his dear ones. An unknown young man had visited the wards now and then and had spoken to the sick about Christ and salvation. Freeman had heard him too. The nurse was a true Christian. She exerted a wonderful influence over the sick.

A Christian nurse is one of the greatest among missionaries in all the world. And now when earthly doctors had failed with their science with regard to Freeman's physical organs of visions, and the doom of lifelong darkness was upon him, just then his soul saw its first gleam of light from the spiritual world. O, how wonderful must have been these first moments! A Christian mother's prayers and training, the testimo-

nies of an unknown young Christian visitor to the hospital, that Godly nurse and a hungering soul gave Christ a chance with Freeman, and right there, by the open window, Freeman found life instead of death, heaven instead of hell, yes, that window has become the open gate to heaven for thousands of souls through the salvation and work of this blind man.

When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened we can discern nothing; but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the gloom becomes luminious with glory.

> "Not now. but in the coming years,
> It may be in the better land,
> We'll read the meaning of our tears,
> And there, some time, we'll understand.

If so, friend:—

> "Then trust in God through all thy days;
> Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
> Though dark thy way, still sing and praise.
> Some time, some time, we'll understand."

Having found the new life and, as it were, a new world, even an everlasting world, hope of usefulness began to re-enter Freeman's manhood. "I can at least draw the crank on the washing machine when my wife takes in washing for our support," he thought. O, yes, a good man is willing to do any honest work. Freeman is by nature ambitious and strenuous, usefulness is life to him, uselessness death. "Every worthless man is a dead man."

The first year of darkness had passed with its terrible suffering due to operations, experiments, and soul anguish. He began to be reconciled to his fate and decided to enter the School for the Blind at Jacksonville, Ill. There he learned the trade of broom-making. A Mr. Dowy, also blind, was his teacher. After three days of unceasing but almost fruitless efforts to make a broom Freeman began to cry bitterly as a child. His blind teacher came to console him, and said, "Look at me, Freeman, and see how I do it." That sounded like bitter sarcasm to him and the words in the Bible, "If a blind lead a blind both shall fall into the ditch,"

flashed before him. "You can at least see as much as I can see," continued his teacher. Your fingers are your eyes now," etc.

Haw happy Freeman was when his first broom was finished! That same broom was sent home to his wife without Mr. Freeman's knowledge and every fiber in it and every thread and stitch came as good cheer to her in her loneliness.

Freeman continued at the school until he was able to make twelve brooms a day. With that capital of knowledge he returned to Moline and started a broom factory. Certainly it was uphill work, but he was "not too proud to fight."

In a short time, comparatively, he had as many as fifteen men working for him, and manufactured about 52 doz. of brooms per day. Sometimes he had contracts for 2,000 doz. and he made very good money. After he had commenced to do evangelistic work, in 1903, Freeman sold his factory to the Lee Broom Co. of Davenport, Iowa.

For one year Mr. Freeman was tax collector for the City of Moline, drawing a salary of $1,500. I have been told that few

people were able to "jump their taxes" in Moline that year.

I have heard of a jeweler who was rather slow in paying bills. This man owed the city $47.00 in taxes. Time and again he was reminded of it and just as often he "forgot to pay." One day Freeman heard that his man had left the city and that all his belongings were down at the depot and about to be shipped in two hours. The Jew had beaten the blind Swede—he thought. In a few minutes Freeman was at the depot and ordered the station master to hold the baggage. "This can be done only on presentation of $10,000 security," sneered the railroad boss. Two banks in town went security for Freeman on his word and all the jewels of the Jew came suddenly into the "blind Swede's" possession and he secured after due notice the right to sell them the next day.

The Jewish gentleman, hearing of his predicament, came back to town in great haste and in company with a bad temper and paid $47.00 and costs or in all about $100.00. He also paid some respect, too, to the blind gen-

tleman, who beat him out in the well laid plan to cheat the city.

Here again a glimpse of Freeman's wakefulness and sternness of character is revealed. There is no "mushiness" about him either in business or in religion. There is no question in my mind, but that these rather latent or at least reserved characteristics are present in his religious campaigns as a powerful asset for his marked success as an evangelist.

So we have come to a close of this chapter of struggles in the dark and we have seen our blind friend emerge out of it all, a conqueror; and best of all, a true Christian on the border line of a new day and of a new workday before him through the grace of God in him, by him and over him. When he now looks back on the battle field B. J. Radford's words seem so true to the facts of this present life:

"When out of the bliss of some God-lighted clime,
We look back o'er the darkness and sorrows of time,
We shall find that the pain and perplexity here
Are but backgrounds for pictures of happiness there.
Heaven's rest shall be better for toil-filled years;
Every eye shall be brighter for bathings of tears;
The clear river of life shall be sweeter for those
Who have drunken where Marah in bitterness flows;
Even Christ shall be dearer because of the fall,
And the Father be nearer—the All and in All."

CHAPTER III.

BEGINNINGS AS AN EVANGELIST.

Shortly after coming home from the school in Jacksonville, Freeman became acquainted with some members of the Swedish Free Church of Moline and joined that church, much through these friends' influence upon him. He was very happy in his new spiritual home and thanked God, who so graciously led him step by step with his protecting hand.

Freeman was naturally a good singer, and this gift become more and more in evidence as he took part in the services of the church. Some friends became especially interested in him and began to encourage his singing. They presented him with an auto harp. It did not take long before Freeman was an expert player on this simple instrument. Its accompaniment added much sweetness to his strong and clear tenor voice. He became

really a very popular singer in all church circles.

Friends have told me that Freeman was an exemplary church member. He lived a Godly life and attended every meeting of the church and as a rule took part in some public way. He was, as he is today, in dead earnest in his religion. A religious life that is not enthusiastic is not safe. Freeman was both enthusiastic and safe, and such a Christian could not be satisfied at length to sit in a pew Sunday after Sunday drinking milk and honey. His whole being longed for usefulness. Pretty soon there wasn't an evening but Freeman appeared on the platform, singing, playing and testifying. Temperance societies, women's societies, and churches called for his services. In fact he worked so hard in these lines that his other work suffered. It became neccessary for him to retrench at last and do something that would help him suport his family, for at that time religious services were paid for in pennies, if in anything at all.

But an inner longing to glorify the Master with unbroken service in the gospel were

present in his heart all the time. However, this seemed impossible to be realized. The care of his family was his first duty. And another thing, he could not go anywhere without some one guiding him. But not only God but people urged him on.

His little daughter Esther had occasionally been his guide and sometimes she helped him sing, when they were out together. She was as yet a stranger to a real conversion although she was a tender and pure hearted little child.

During the winter of 1902 a revival in the home church pressed many souls into the kingdom and Esther was one of them. She was barely ten years old at the time. Father Freeman paid very little attention to child-conversions at that time. Like many others, even today, he thought she was too young to understand such deep things as sin and salvation. Esther had always prayed, "Gud som haver" at bed-time, but now "since Jesus came into her heart" she began to pray in her own words. One evening when she was leading her father to church, she suddenly exclaimed, "O, pa, I feel just like a new per-

son." She knew that her father doubted the reality of her conversion and maneuvered to in some way make him feel how mistaken he was. Many a young convert has felt the pang of distrust from many church-fathers. God forgive us our cruelty to God's little ones.

A proverb says that "wise men change their views but fools never." So one Sunday when Mr. and Mrs. Freeman came home from church they found some children in their home and Esther talking with them and praying for their souls. "This," said Freeman, "made me realize that the gospel is a power unto salvation also for little children who believe in their Saviour." Some are still with us who count their conversion from that Sunday morning, I have been told.

Esther's voice developed rapidly and, longing to have a mandolin, her father bought one for her. Pretty soon the name "Freeman and Esther" was coined. This became equivelant to song and music—just such music and song that pointed sinners and saints alike to Christ and heaven.

More and more God seemed to bless the humble efforts of the blind man and his little

daughter, and the faint voice of a call from God to exclusively serve Him in the capacity of an evangelist began to distinguish itself in Freeman's heart. But to go out on such a mission without a definite assurance of being "sent by God" would spell failure. And so Freeman decided to make a sort of an experimental preaching trip to Clinton, Iowa. This was his first trip outside of "Jerusalem" for this purpose. Esther went with him and God blessed their mission, and after another gospel tour to several places in Illinois, and supported by recommendations from the different churches in Moline, his life-work in the Gospel became a settled conviction, and he said to the Lord, "Here I am, send me."

Freeman had December 20, 1903, formally been set apart, ordained, for gospel work by the Swedish Free Church in Moline, Ill.

In the fall or, to be exact, Freemans first official service began as Bible Colporteur the 1st of September, 1904. He was called by the Am. Bapt. Pub. Society to take charge of "a church on wheels" called "Palmquist's Memorial", drawn by two horses, and to go about in Illinois giving out Bibles and preach-

ing everywhere. This was a hard work for a blind man with only a little girl as guide. But God blessed their work. People came to see and hear. Some came to buy fish, for the church looked like a fish-wagon. Others wanted medicine. Freeman told them he was a fisher of men and that the only medicine he had was balsam from Gilead. The school-children in the country districts crowded around and drank in the gospel of song and salvation. The boys crawled under "the church" and examined its foundation and gave bread to the "Bible horses."

After 18 months of service he resigned because it became almost unbearable for Esther to continue in such a work. About 300 souls had been won for Christ and he and his family had "feasted" on $50 per month. The salary of the ministers of Christ is always lagging far below par. But even that was not to turn Freeman back into business, for to him the call to arms was clear whether it paid in gold or coppers.

> "I have heard the voice of Jesus,
> Tell me not of ought beside;
> I have seen the face of Jesus,
> All my soul is satisfied."

CHAPTER IV.

FREEMAN AS AN INDEPENDENT AND REGULAR EVANGELIST.

> *"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tiding, that publisheth peace; that bringeth glad tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth."*
>
> —Isaiah.

Up till the present time, no other evangelist among our people has been able to attract and hold such large audiences as Mr. Freeman has done for more than a score of years, evening after evening, week after week, month after month.

The results in soulwinning are remarkable, too, since more than 12,000 persons have openly confessed conversion, in the churches that have availed themselves of Mr. Freeman's service—all this besides the rejuvenating and quickening effect upon the

Christian people. These facts are acknowledged everywhere by fair-minded pastors and live churches. There are, of course, a few—I have heard of them—who can do nothing themselves and they hate to see anybody else succeed. Such men are apt to become seriously sick, by reading this book or attending some of Freeman's meetings.

Jealousy is a contagious disease and some of us preachers have forgotten to vaccinate against its ravages.

All successful men have some peculiar characteristics about themselves—we would rather call them prominent characteristics. Sometime we can explain such men, sometimes not. In Mr. Freeman's case some of his critics have placed undue, almost exclusive emphasis upon his blindness as a source of power. How unreasonable! Are all blind Christian men successful evangelists? Why not, if blindness is the "summun-bonum" as a prerequisite for such efforts? Why are so many of them beggars almost? To think and say so is an insult to the people who flock to hear him.

Are they so stupid as to run miles and miles evening after evening to see a blind man? O no, my half-hearted friend; honestly now, aren't you trying to cover up your jealousy a bit by "talking with your mouth?" Think again, brother. Freeman is not such a delapidated, brainless creature either, as to have only one talent, and that blindness. No, you didn't mean to say all you've said.

When it was reported that Esther, who has been such a support to her father for years, was engaged to get married, the same tribe of prophets did again come under the spirit and they began to prophecy, "Freeman's career is ended the day Esther leaves him." How sad they must have felt to proclaim such ill forebodings. But now five years has lapsed since that sweet singer, daughter, and companion bade adieu to her blind father at Cleveland, Ohio. She went her way home to Moline to prepare for her coming marriage, and Father Freeman continued his soul-saving campaign as usual and with unabating success.

There is no dispute about Esther's (now Mrs. Adolph Holmer) singular attractive-

ness as a gospel singer, neither is it fair to deny that Freeman's blindness is without helpful effect upon his congregations. I remember when for the first time I saw the little girl leading her blind father to the platform and pulpit how my eyes, yes every eye in the congregation, became moistened with tears of sympathy. Many a pastor will have to preach for half an hour or more before he can bring his congregation into such a receptive state of mind so absolutely necessary for a successful service. Freeman has therefore the God-given previlege to start a service at a point of heart-emotions and attention, that ordinarily we pastors can not expect to have before at the very close of service.

Under such psychological conditions germain with fruitful expectations, Freeman opens his services of song and music. The harmonious accords from his autoharp and the heavenly drippings of melody from Esther's mandolin mingling with the silvery voices of parent and child have been the wings of the gospel in every meeting. Souls way down in the dust have suddenly been carried sky high into most blissful extacy

by the wonderful influence and power of song. The story song, the song of home and mother, the song of waiting ones in glory, oh, how they have softened and melted stony and icy hearts!

There never was anything fancy or what we might call "modern" in Freeman and Esther's singing. Exhibitions of throat exercises have never won a soul for Christ. The singing by many a soloist in our churches today sounds more like an expression of stomach-ache than of heartagony for lost souls.

"Wonderful Story of Love" is sung by the evangelist and the congregation in almost every gathering, and it affects the people as if mighty waves of God's love with its cleansing power and inspiring freshness were baptizing the whole company. Freeman takes plenty of time for song in every service and then follows the gospel sermon, which is from start to finish a pleading with the unwilling and unconverted to surrender to Christ.

Mr. Freeman's preaching ability has improved wonderfully since I first heard him

in 1908, in Boston, where he at that time held a series of meetings in my church, The Swedish Temple. At that stage he merely gave gospel talks and testimonials, but now he is a rather strong preacher in his line of work.

The drift and power of one of his sermons I heard recently impressed me very much. It was psychological, orderly and convincing. In it he ridiculed effectively certain fellows who brag and sneer that they don't believe in what Freeman and his like preach. He launched out rather sarcastically in about the following manner: "So you don't believe in my gospel? Well, gentlemen, what is it you really don't believe in? 'Ah,' you say, 'in that silly dope you try to stuff into us.' 'Tell me, please, what is this dope? Here is a man who has for years spent his money in the saloon. His wife and children have been beggars and clothed in rags. He has been a brute in his home and a shame to the community. This man comes to one of my meetings. He is induced to take into his heart a dose of my 'dope' and begins to believe in my 'stuff' and his whole life is changed. That

brute becomes a respectable and sober man, a kind husband and a loving father through that dope I gave him. Now then, gentlemen, is that the stuff you dont' believe in?" — And so Mr. Freeman relates one incident after another from his life experiences, tearing down with unresistable power the unbeliever's defenses.

Freeman's voice pierces you, too. And his heart-anguish for your salvation glistening so tenderly in the tears from his blind eyes become to many their own heart-anguish and an incentive to drive the sinner to a waiting redeemer.

Some of us preachers, who at times fancy ourselves as first rate sermonizers, are wondering how Freeman in all his simplicity can satisfy, yes even inject enthusiasm into a congregation, evening after evening. We, of course, would not lower ourselves so as to talk about such common things and to use such unpolished language as he does. But right here is to be found one of the very vital elements that make up an effective evangelist. He places himself on par with the people. Freeman as a preacher appears

to the masses as a common man among common men, while a regular pastor is looked upon as one of the upper classes, as one ignorant of and out of sympathy with everyday folks and life. He is a man of books and learning instead of a man of the people, a man too clever to argue with, a man who feels himself at least so much higher than ordinary mortals as the platform on which he stands is higher than the pews they are invited to sit in below his feet. The masses of today hate anyone whose head in any sense is higher than theirs, if he is not absolutely one of their own mouthpieces, and so they hate the regular ministry and the churches.

But Mr. Freeman is not a minister in their eyes, because he talks as if more on their level. He reminds them of the plow factory and broom shop and he is not smelling of the rich mans college and seminary where they make "holier than thou" orators. People listen to Freeman patiently. They enjoy his singing and he is not preaching for a salary. All he gets is a collection. In a word, Freeman has a peculiar place in the heart of the people. This proves to me that in a distinc-

tive sense he is a voice from God and an evangel under his direction and with a God-given mission to fullfill.

Let us go back to the meetings once more. Freeman is through with his sermon. The time for decision is at hand. Come forward if you honestly seek Christ! Show yourself! A few such remarks is enough. It is seldom without response. A number of men and women and children take the trail to the altar together.

In the after-meeting Freeman is really at his best. Singing, lively singing, goes together with loud praying and personal work. The evangelist has a mysterious power in being able to find possible converts. He is like a bear, he smells the honey—he smells the sinner. The unlocked heart is his goal and seldom is he defeated in his effort to introduce a soul to Christ.

In these after-meetings curious and humorous collisions with diverse minds occur quite often and Mr. Freeman is very quick in sizing up what sort of a person he has got to do with.

A certain man in McKeesport, Pa., tried to show off his excellency in learning and brilliancy of mind. At the same time he could not hide that he was only an ungodly, uneducated bragadocian. He had won many an argument with the church people before and now he was on the warpath with the blind evengelist. A large group of men stood around and Freeman listened attentively while the man ran over contradictions in the Bible—Cain's wife and Beliam's ass, etc. He certainly was a master mind and the friends began to feel that Freeman probably was down and out for an answer. But Freeman came forward in due season and with a smile he said, "Sir, you seem to know so very much. Will you kindly tell us how long a tail Tobia's dog had?" The poor man licked his mounth and rolled his eyes and went away just like a licked dog. To argue with such men is of no use and Freeman knew it and treated him according to his disease.

Another man of opposite traits approached Mr. Freeman in New York once and reporached him for being blind. This man

had heard the evangelist preach on the power of faith in the great Redeemer and sing that "God is just the same today." Why should not the God who opened the blind mans eyes in the past be able to bring back the vision to Mr. Freeman?

Now, whenever Freeman engages in a conversation with somebody he puts his hand on the shoulder of the person he talks to so as to avoid getting too near or turn his face in a wrong direction. When Freeman tried to find this friend's shoulder he happened to place his hand flat down on the top of his head and found it bald as a cannon ball. By the whistling sound when the man talked Freeman spied a pair of badfitting false teeth in addition to a bald head on the man of great faith, and, of course, like an honest Swede retorted to the man's inquiry, "Why don't you ask the Lord to give you a few hairs to warm up your little bean and few molars to keep your tongue in position?" I have not heard whether this man of faith dismissed the dentist and wig-maker, but he had no more to say to the blind evangelist.

Freeman's unusual amount of common sense makes him strong with the people. Seldom is he philosophical or sophistic in his discourses or otherwise. Controversies in doctrinal questions are rather distasteful to him, especially if they deviate into personal intrigue. He is extremely practical by nature and in his evangelical work he applies the facts of the gospel directly without any doctrinal solutions or dilutions.

Some people have been trying to class Freeman among the greedy, money-hungry evangelist of whom we hear about so much in our day. This can not be substantiated for he never asks for money himself and never makes an agreement about money where he is preaching. All he ever receives is a farewell offering the last day of his campaigns. While he is working in a church he proposes collections several evenings to strengthen the finances of the church. At times hundreds of dollars flow in to the church treasuries this way. If he himself happens to receive once or twice in a year a few hundred dollars collection from larger fields, it must also be remembered that Free-

man goes willingly to smaller churches where he barely is paid his fare, at times. Furthermore, fairminded people should rejoice when a few dollars are flowing out of the pocket books of the people. A pocket book which has been suffering from lockjaw for years shows symptoms of recovery when it emits a dollar or two in a religious meeting. We pastors should never begrudge a brother his due. If we do we ourselves will lose money on it.

That the people value the services of Mr. Freeman is without question. They support him, they come to hear him gladly. Churches are calling him back, year after year, three, four, five, six, and seven times, as has been the case in the First Church of Minneapolis, and every year the results have been greater. These are facts that can not be explained away and they are facts for which we should be grateful to our Lord.

Although blind and alone since Esther left him, Freeman travels annually from 15 to 20,000 miles. He has visited all parts of this country, East and West, and Canada and Sweden. Most of our churches have availed

themselves of his services. Even in his home town church at Moline he is as welcome as ever.

I don't believe I have been able to do justice to the Blind Evangel in this chapter. He is a more powerful servant of God than many are willing to admit. For years I have followed his work. Three times we have had campaigns together—in Boston, San Francisco, and Moline. At present I have the honor of being his pastor and I have found him to be a faithful member, liberal giver, a wise counselor and a genuine and congenial friend. I believe I know him and my picture of him and his work is made up of facts gathered by the mind, heart and hands of a friend. If you wish thorns of criticism, you will have to gather them yourself. If you wish many of them you may have to manufacture them.

CHAPTER V.

POWER, OR FREEMAN'S INFLUENCE UPON OUR DENOMINATIONAL ACTIVITIES.

"His voice was set for music,
And his hand was armed with skill,
And his mind was bent for duty,
And his heart the throne of will."

Before going into detail on the influence he has exerted upon our evangelical work, I wish you would devote with me a few moments for a little consideration of what power really means, and why some people have more of it than others.

There is not yet any inventory of a man's faculties, and more than a bible of his opinions. Who shall set a limit to the influence of a human being? There are men, who, by their sympathetic attractions carry nations with them, and lead the activity of

the human race. And if there be such a tie, that, wherever the mind of man goes, nature will accompany him, perhaps there are men whose magnetisms are of that force to draw material and elemental powers, and where they appear, immense instrumentalities organize around them. Life is a search after power; and this is an element with which the earth is so saturated,—there is no chink or crevice in which it is not lodged,—that no honest seeking goes unrewarded. A man should prize events and pessessions as they are in which this fine mineral is found; and he can well afford to let events and possessions, and the breath of the body go, if their value has been added to him in the shape of power. If he has secured the elixir, he can spare the wide gardens from which it was distilled. A cultivated man, wise to know and bold to perform, is the end to which nature works, and the education of the will is the flowering and result of all this geology and astronomy. All successful men have agreed in one thing—they were *causationists.* They believed that things went not by luck, but by law; that there was not a weak or a

cracked link in the chain that joins the first and last of things. A belief in causality, or strict connection between every trifle and the principle of being, and, in consequence, belief in compensation, or, that nothing is gotten for nothing,—characterizes all valuable minds and must control every effort that is made by an industrious man. The most valiant men are the best believers in the tension of the laws. "All the great captains," said Bonaparte, "have performed vast achievements by conforming with the rules of the art,—by adjusting efforts to obstacles."

We must reckon success a constitutional trait. Courage,—the old physicians taught, (and their meaning holds, if their physiology is a little mythical),—courage, or the degree of life, is as the degree of circulation of blood in the arteries.

During passion, anger, fury, trials of strength, wrestling, fighting, a large amount of blood is collected in the arteries, the maintenance of bodily strength requiring it, and but little is sent into the veins. This condition is constant with intrepid persons where the arteries hold their blood, there is

courage and adventure possible. Where they pour it unrestrained into the veins, the spirit is slow and feeble. For performance of great work, extraordinary health is needed. If Eric is in robust health, and has slept well, and is at the top of his condition, and thirty years old, at his departure from Greenland, he will steer west, and his ships will reach Newfoundland. But take out Eric, and put in a stronger and nobler man,—Biorn, or Thorfin,—and the ships will, with just as much ease, sail six hundred, one thousand, fifteen hundred miles further and reach Labrador and New England. There is no chance in results. With adults, as with children, one class enter cordially into the game, and whirl with the whirling world; the others have cold hands, and remain bystanders; or are only dragged in by the humor and vivacity of those who can carry a dead weight.

All power is really one kind, a sharing of the nature of the world. The mind that is parallel with the laws of nature will be in the current of events, and strong with their strength. One man is made of the same stuff of which events are made; is in sympathy

with the course of things; can predict it. Whatever befalls, befalls him first, so that he is equal to whatever shall happen. A man who knows men can talk well on politics, trade, law, war, religion. For, everywhere, men are led in the same manner.

A great mind is like a climate which easily rears a crop which no glass, or irrigation, or tillage, or manures, can elsewhere rival. It is like the opportunity of a city like New York, or Constantinople, which needs no diplomacy to force capital, or genius, or labor to it. They come of themselves, as the waters flow to it. So a broad, healthy, massive understanding seems to lie on the shore of unseen rivers of unseen oceans, which are covered with barks, that, night and day, are drifted to this point. That which other men lie plotting for is poured into their lap.

This affirmative force is in one, and is not in another, as one horse has the spring in himself, and another in the whip. "On the neck of the young man," said Hafiz, "sparkles no gem so gracious as enterprise." Import into any stationary district, as into an old Dutch population in New York or Pennsyl-

vania, or among the planters of Virginia, a colony of hardy Yankees, with seething brains, heads full of steam-hammer, pulley, crank, and toothed wheel,—and everything begins to shine with values. There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many more. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates, as fast as the sun makes clouds.

Success goes thus invariably with a certain *plus* or positive power: an ounce of power must balance an ounce of weight. And though a man can not return into the mother's womb and be born with new amounts of vivacity, yet there are two economies, which are the best *succeedana* which the case admits. The first is the stopping off decisively our miscellaneous activity, and concentrating our force on one of a few points; as the gardener, by severe pruning, forces the top of the tree into one or two vigorous limbs, instead of suffering it to spindle into a sheaf

of twigs. You must elect your work; you must take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. "Enlarge not thy destiny," said the oracle; "endeavor not to do more than is given thee in charge." "Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate, which can make the step from visionary thinking to practical doing." (Thoughts from Emerson.)

Now, after elaborating a little upon the secret of powerful and influential personalities we shall return to our specific object, to point out some marks Mr. Freeman has made upon evangelical activities.

We remember very well how the need of evangelistic work in our churches began to make itself felt a few years before we knew anything about Freeman. We also remember how a number of men, yes even women, sprang to the front to win souls for Christ by special efforts and protracted meetings. These efforts were rather spasmodic. The churches were inactive and the evangelists lacked most of all—leadership. The financial support was so meager that many a good man had to switch off from evangelistic labor or starve. One after another dropped out

of the ranks. It looked rather hopeless for any man to succeed to develop the work of an evangelist.

It was at a stage like this in our denominational life when "Den Blinde Freeman" with his little girl-companion strode to the front. In him was combined seemingly all the elements so much needed for success in this line of endeavor. At first he shared with others the pinch of poverty, for the collections were very small. Sometimes he was introduced as a "poor blind man who wanted to sing a song and get some money for his family." This reward of honest endeavor was among the most painful to swallow for an honest soul like Freeman. But he faced it all and "stuck it through," as we say. Pretty soon the ice was broken. It was the success of his work that broke open the rusty vaults of the churches so much that his mission could be continued. Freeman has told me that it was my church in Boston that set the pace for the comparative financial success he has made. (When I say financial success I mean simply a fair remuneration for a man's work.) He received some $300

at that time for three weeks work. This is not much when you consider first, that it was two people working, and then also the heavy traveling expenses, as well as the gaps between the series of meetings in different places.

We should never begrudge men what grateful souls bring to them for blessings received.

After Freeman began year after year to prove himself an all-round successful evangelist a great many of our brethren were inspired to follow his example. It looked so easy to some of them. It is not unfair to say that everyone has succeeded if at all only a very short time. Neither finances nor soul-winning resulted in any satisfactory measure for any one of them. The General Conference of America has found Mr. Freeman's work so needful, satisfactory, and important that its board is now supporting two evangelists, one in the eastern and one in the western states of the Union, and this is done although most of their salaries must be supplied from other sources than from offerings they receive where they are having meetings. In some states state-evangelists are support-

ed. It is but fair to say that these efforts in evangelism all over the country in our denomination are fruits of Mr. Freeman's successful work as an evangelist. He is the only one of the independent workers that is able to continue year after year with unabated success. We believe it to be a case of "the survival of the fittest." God has honored him so that in spite of many handicaps Freeman's name and work will ever live in the annals of our denominational life, and his influence will ever be for the good.

"In some degree, upon all, conscious or unconscious, we *all* exert an influence," says Beacher. "A flower may not know how sweet it is, but it is sweet; and the perfume is wafted from it perpetually. A candle does not know what it is doing; nevertheless its light is going out all the time, in every direction. A magnet has no volition; yet it is forever searching and drawing appropriate objects to itself. So it is with the human soul: it is put together and tempered in such a way that is is constantly radiating influence. Man is a double creature, and which is the more wonderful of the two sides we

can not tell—namely, the capacity to receive endless influence and appreciate them, or the capacity to give out endless influences, consciously and unconsciously."

I think that as the years go by we all will understand better the life-work of our blind brother and the fragrance of it will in days to come be all the sweeter. Some day when he is gone from the scene of struggle and strenuousness, when the temptations to criticism is past, we shall speak of him as a man who did dwell in the secret place of the Most High and abode under the shadow of the Almighty. May God's promise be fulfilled upon brother Freeman, "With long life will I satisfy him and I will show him my salvation."

CHAPTER VI.

A TRIP TO SWEDEN.

In 1908 Freeman, together with Mrs. Freeman, Esther, and their younger son Arvid, made a trip to the land of his birth. The reasons for his going "home" were rather more sentimental than anything else. Travels for a blind man are tiresome, except for the contact with new people. But Freeman longed to lay his hand again "on the old oaken bucket" from which he had been refreshed so many times as a boy. He wished to go to the old church yard and cry and pray on his dear mother's grave. He needed rest and for this "there's no place like home." You may live a thousand years in America, in the midst of gold and green, but if you are born under the blue sky of a country like Sweden, you'll always find it to be so true, what one of our Swedish poets, E. Sehlstedt, expressed in the characteristic and charming

poem "The Norrlander's Sighing for Home," translated by N. A. Carlson, in Masterpieces. from the Swedish Literature.

Thou longest again for thy ancestors' shore!
My heart, how uneasy thou beatest!
When early remembrance of childhood broods o'er
The vales of thy homestead, the sweetest.
In vain thou regretest those wishes of yore,
Which mockingly drove thee to this foreign shore,
  From thy dear lovely forests and valleys.

What dreams didst thou dream of the far foreign earth,
To change thus thy home for another?
Wert thou seeking for hearts? Were not such in the north?
Where found'st thou more faithful a brother?
What dictated hope? Wert thou longing for gold?
What sawest thou there which thou didst not behold
  In thy own lovely forest and valleys?

Oh, yet I remember my home by the flood,
Where clouds on the mountain-peaks rested;
Where round the low cottage the brave ancient wood
Its shield 'gainst the polar storms tested;
Where life was so harmless, so peaceful and bright,
At the first break of day or the twilight of night,
  In my dear lovely forest and valleys.

At rest is my father. The murmuring wave
Sings softly its lullaby for him;
And the white birches grow round the loved one's low grave
And braid their green foliage o'er him;
But the home of my childhood stands still in its bloom,
And my mother and friends, they still call me to come
  To their own lovely forests and valleys.

I'll come from afar ere my course shall be run,
To embrace you once more, ye true-hearted!
But happy too late shall the heart-broken son
Seek the graves of the loved ones departed;
And stand there neglected, forlorn, and alone
Bemoaning those days of delight which have flown
  In his own lovely forests and valleys.

With this overpowering emotion in his bosom he and his party "sailed on" on the British steamship Saxonia. The journey across the waters was uneventful. Not even did they meet or converse (rather convulse) with "Mr. U-l-ri-ic." We expected that this unpopular seafarer would know that an evangelist was on board the ship. If he had he certainly would have suggested to have Mr. Freeman preach on the text, "Throw thy bread upon the water."

"What's the commotion on board?" All the people rushed forward on the little North Sea dipper. The first glimpse of the shores of Sweden was in view! A spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm! Some cried. Others sang. Freeman caught the inspiration and his clear, clarion voice was heard above all the others,

"Du gamla, du fria, du fjällhöga Nord,
Du tysta, du glädjerika sköna.
Jag hälsar dig, vänaste land uppå jord:
Din sol, din himmel, dina ängder gröna."

"Du tronar på minnen från fornstora dar,
Då ärat ditt namn flög över jorden.
Jag vet att du är och blir vad du var.
Ack jag vill leva, jag vill dö i norden."

Home at last! But a devasted home, Mother is gone! Freeman is a child again, crying for mother—on her grave.

"What a wonderful thing is mother!
Other folks can love you,
But only a mother understands you.
She works for you, looks after you, loves you
Forgives you anything you may do;
Understands you.
The only bad thing she ever does is to die—
And leave you."
(Baroness von Hulten.)

In spite of being in Sweden for rest and recreation Freeman could not keep out of preaching. He visited and revisited many places. The first service was held in Truve's Tabernacle in Gothenburg. The two other churches there were also visited. His main stops were:

Falköping,	Tranås,	Stockholm,
Skövde,	Norrköping,	Göteborg,
Örebro,	Stockholm,	Borås,
Sundsvall,	Uppsala,	Falköping,
Stockholm,	Gefle,	Göteborg,
Stockarud, Småland (Mrs. Freeman's home).	Bollnäs,	Kristiania,
	Skutskär,	Kristiansand,
	Söderfors,	NEW YORK.

It did not seem to Freeman that the Swedes were able to understand that not all of a man is confirmed to his eyes. "A blind man! What a burden to himself he must be, and

what a burden to the community!" That pathetic sentiment was about the best appreciation the people of Sweden could give to a blind man, and Freeman at first shared this senseless pity. He felt about the same as a green Swede in America feels when before a group of Americans who believe a man must be an uneducated ignoramus because he can not speak English. "What fools we mortals be!" The knowing of English is no guarantee of education, neither is lack of sight necessarily lack of insight. Freeman was soon "found out" and "the brethren" made efforts not only to have him visit their fields, but they actually laid plans to keep him in Sweden. His love for America, however, was too strong and he returned after a three months' stay in the land of the Vikings to the land of the Pilgrims and plenty.

CHAPTER VII.

GLIMPSES OF SWEDEN AND THE SWEDES.

A glance at the map will show that the Scandinavian Peninsula, that immense stretch of land running from the Artic Ocean to the North Sea, and from the Baltic to the Atlantic, covering an area of nearly three hundred thousand square miles, is next to Russia, the largest territorial divison of Europe. Surrounded by sea on all sides but one, which gives it an unparalleled seaboard of over two thousand miles, it hangs on to the Continent by its frontier line with Russia in Lapland. Down the middle of this seabound continent, dividing it into two nearly equal parts, runs a chain of mountains not inappropriately called *Kölen,* or the Keel. The name suggests the image which the aspect of the land calls to mind,

that of a huge ship floating, keel upwards, on the face of the ocean. This keel forms the frontier line betwen the formerly united kingdom of Sweden and Norway; Sweden to the east, sloping gently from the hills to the Baltic; Norway to the west, running more abruptly down from their watershed to the Atlantic.

Sweden's share, about one hundred and seventy-three thousand square miles, is nearly equal to France or Germany, and one and a half times the size of Great Britain and Ireland. As to nature and climate, the country can only be compared to itself. Extending as it does over six and a half degrees of latitude, that is, one seventh of the distance from the pole to the equator, its climate and nature offer considerable variety and contrast.

Much has ben said and written about the beauty of the Swedish summers, and it is true that their charm can hardly be overrated. Spring bursts into summer almost without transition; the last traces of snow have hardly disappeared before the whole country is covered with the richest verdure,

and the woods are alive with song. As a poet has said, "Summer treads forth a giant on leaving his cradle of ice." The romantic and contemplative traits in the character of the Swedes, and their ardent love of nature are attributed to the entrancing effects of their summer landscapes, just as their energy and physical endurance are said to be due to the severities of their winter life. In country life, summer is, here perhaps more than elsewhere, the period of greatest human activity—it is so short and the days are so long, and there is so much to do. Reaping, harvesting, sowing—all the husbandman's work has to be crowded into the short summer months, ere the winter shroud has fallen on the earth, placing it beyond the husbandman's reach or heed. The sun is above the horizon eighteen or nineteen hours at a stretch, raising the temperature rapidly, and hurrying on the maturity of the crops. The twilight nights are a prolongation of the day, and barely give nature time to cool down. There are days when it is as hot in Stockholm as in Rome or Madrid, the temperature reaching 32° Cent or 90° Fahr. in the shade,

though the medium summer temperature is only 15° Cent. (59° Fahr.).

Winter envelopes the whole country in its giant sheet of hard, crisp snow. The lakes and rivers are frozen several feet deep, and covered, with the same white shroud as the hills and the plains. Over this wide expanse, levelled into a smooth and soft uniform surface, the peasant drives his sledge, or travels on his *skis,* up hill and down dale, over fields and lakes, almost as straight as the crow flies. The openings in the forest are as flat as a carpet, and the trees felled in its innermost depths can be carted down to the sawmill on easy sledges drawn by a pony. The temperature has fallen to 15° or 20° below zero (—4° Fahr.) in Central Sweden, to 30° and 40° Cent. (22° and 40° Fahr.) in the North. The days last but a few hours, but the sun shines brightly on the glittering snow, and there is a bracing, exhilarating feeling in the crispness and dryness of the still air. The duration of the ice and snow averages about 200 days of the year in the North, 150 in Central Sweden, and 115 in the South; the general thaw and the break-

ing-up of ice on the rivers and lakes take place in April, May, and June respectively. The sea along the northern coasts freezes every year, and in very severe winters even the Sound between Sweden and Denmark is frozen right across, so that a passage betwen the two countries can be effected on foot or sledges. The extremes of cold and heat vary also considerably between the north and the south of Sweden, the medium temperature of the year being 1° Cent. (33° Fahr.) at Haparanda, 5.6° (40° Fahr.) in Stockholm and 7° (44.6° Fahr.) in Malmö, as compared with 9.1° in Berlin, 10° in London, and 10.7° in Paris. Yet, despite this severe winter climate, Sweden is the healthiest country in Europe, a proof that extreme cold is more conducive to health that heat. The yearly deathrate is only 16.5 per thousand, against 18.6 in Denmark; 18.8 in England; 20 in the Netherlands; 20.3 in Belgium and Switzerland; 22.2 in France; 23.8 in Germany; 26.5 in Italy; 27 in Austria; 31.8 in Hungary; and 33 in Russia, though in the last case other causes, independent of the cold, contribute to raise the death-rate to

the highest in Europe. The figures in regard to the medium length of life tell the same tale. According to international statistics the medium span of life is 50.2 years in Sweden; 49.94 in Norway; 45.43 in England; 45.6 in Belgium; 43.75 in Holland; and 42.13 in France.

Physically the Swedes are powerfully built and tall, of the pure Scandinavian type, with fair hair and blue eyes. Their medium height, taking all the men between thirty and thirty-five, is 170.8 centimetres. The healthy, intelligent look of the people strikes the traveller. A French writer, who had been studying the country, thus summed up his opinion: "La vie moyenne est ici plus élevée que partout ailleurs, la vie intellectualle est plus vive, plus active; tous les citoyens savant lire et écrire."*

Although their country presents such great variety of climate, nature, and general conditions of life, according to its different degree of latitude, the Swedes are a singularly homogeneous people. With the sole exception of the Lapps, the nomadic reindeer herds-

*Jules Claretie, *Press Congress in Stockholm, 1879*

men of the extreme North, they are all descended from the same old Scandinavian stock, unmixed with any foreign element. They have not been subjected to any foreign domination, and have been but little influenced by foreign culture. They have possessed and inhabited their country in the Scandinavian Peninsula over five thousand years. Their language, with its sister tongues Norwegian and Danish, is an outcome of the old Norse, which a thousand years ago was common to the whole Scandinavian world. Sonorous and full of Gothic strength, it is clear and precise. Thanks to their isolation, both geographical and linguistic, the Swedes have thus been able to maintain the perfect purity of their race and their originality of culture, to develop, as it were, from within, without the help of extraneous influences. With the exception of Christianity, which they received from France through their own countrymen the Normans, and which required no less than three hundred years to implant itself definitely in the country and to overcome the Scandinavian gods, very few of the great currents of

thought which remodelled the rest of Europe reached them or exercised any permanent influence on their moral development. Neither Roman culture, Roman law, nor the feudal system, which ruled mediæval society, laid its impress upon them. The Roman Church exercised a nominal sway for two centuries, but its power was never very effective. The Ultima Thule lay so far from the rest of the world, lost in the mystic region of the ice-bound North, that its very existence seemed a myth. Saint Birgitta was the only marked personality of Roman Catholic Sweden known to the Popes, and her work, wide-spread as it was, and "œcumenical" as they recognised it to be, was more humanitarian than theological. She was the first apostle of "woman's rights" the world has known, pleading for "mixed orders" and "mixed" convents" to insure the frank and practical co-operation of men and women, monks and nuns, in aiding suffering humanity. Her canonisation, however, was due more to the merit of her pilgrimages to Rome and Jerusalem and to her services in bringing about the return of the Popes from Avignon to

Rome than to her pious and charitable endeavours, or the example of ardent faith which endeared her to her countrymen and by which she was better known in her own country.

Then came the Reformation. The Swedes received its first impulse from Germany, through the preachings of Olaus Petri, a Swedish pupil of Luther's but they modelled it after their own fashion, and used it as a political weapon to overturn the growing power of the Church, which was beginning to threaten their political liberty. King Gustavus Vasa, that great master-builder, was just then busy building up a new Sweden out of the suffering and distracted country he had forcibly severed from Denmark, to which it had been joined by the union of Calmar, which placed the three governments of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark in the hand of the powerful and strongminded Queen Margarita by the election of her youthful and weakly grandson, Erik of Pomerania, to the three vacant thrones. With the aid of Olaus Petri and his new doctrine of freedom of conscience, Gustavus Vasa

overthrew the centralised power of the Roman Church, confiscating its accumulated wealth, and erecting in its stead a free, National, and democratic church on Luther's evangelical basis, just as he had, with the aid of the Dalecarlian peasant, thrown off the yoke of the union with Denmark and erected a free and democratic monarchy.

Both the monarchy and the new faith might have been wrecked under the reign of his immediate successors had they not sunk so very deep into the hearts of the people and become dear to the whole nation.

The defence of these brought the Swedes, under Gustavus Adolphus, into the field of European politics. They undertook to save the Protestant princes of Germany from being crushed by the powerful League of the Catholics, and to prevent the Empire from extending its all-invading dominion to the shores of the Baltic. The campaign of the great "Champion of the Faith" on the Continent and his victory at Breitenfeld (1631) saved the Reformation and at once raised Sweden to the rank of a first-class Power. The fall of the hero at Lützen seemed to

threaten this position soon after it was attained; but it was saved by the capacity of the general he had formed under him, by the devotion to the cause of the men he had led away from their homes to fight in it, and by the political genius of his Minister, Oxenstierna, who governed the realm after him, during the minority of his only daughter, Christian. The acquisition of Esthonia, Livonia, and Pomerania gave Sweden absolute supremacy on the Baltic. This position of primacy was maintained for three quarters of a century, under the reigns of Charles X and Charles XI. It was the period of her greatness. But it proved too great a strain on the material resources of the country, in the presence of the mighty opposition her preponderance on the Baltic was arousing among her neighbours. The titanic life and death struggle under Charles XII, in which the Swedes carried on a twenty year's war on the Continent against all the Powers of Northern Europe, arrayed successively against them, brought the country to the verge of ruin. The world-renowned victories of Charles XII ended in the crushing defeat

of Pultowa, where the Russians showed, according to the saying of Peter the Great, that they had learned in their repeated defeats the art of defeating their victor.

Notwithstanding the volumes that have been written on Charles XII and his campaigns, from his own days to ours, his character is still, to a great extent, a mystery. To some, he is the strong-willed and resolute military leader, conscious of his aims and pursuing them uncompromisingly to the last, and a hero of undying fame; to others, he is the unconscious fatalist, unbending in the accomplishment of his destiny, a selfwilled autocrat. The former look with unbounded admiration, the latter with feelings more akin to pity, on the self-sacrificing devotion of the Swedish people, who followed him loyally to the end, through good and bad fortune, ungrudgingly and unmurmuringly.

The historian Professor Harald Hjerne, of Upsala, who is the latest writer on the subject, in a recent work of thought and erudition, *Charles XII and the Subversion of Eastern Europe, 1697—1703,* has summed up the results of modern research and treat-

ed the question with the scientific impartiality and broadness and the documentary precision of modern historical methods. "Whatever," he says, "may be the feelings and fancy with which we regard him, Charles XII is and remains an epoch-making personality, not only in the history of Sweden, but in that of the whole of Europe, as much by his defeat as by his victories. He is remarkable, above all, for the manner in which he conducted his great struggle, a struggle which he could not avoid, yet which, but for him, would have been limited to the Swedish frontiers, and thereby have been sooner brought to an end. He converted the war, which his adversaries had intended to be a localised attack on Sweden's dominating position on the Baltic, into a farreaching upheaval of the general State system of Europe. It became thereby as important as the war which was going on alongside of it for the Spanish succession, and was involved in the manifold changes which that brought about. Out of this crisis issued the grouping of Powers of the eighteenth century, and Charles XII can no more be de-

tached from the causes leading to the same than Napoleon can be considered apart from the struggle which revolutionised the beginning of the nineteenth century. Both these powerful figures, however different they may have been in character and natural gifts, have, above all other men, set their impress on their epoch, and forced states and peoples, large and small, to come forward and meet in a decisive trial of strength. But neither Charles XII nor Napoleon can be confined within the narrow and exclusive limits of national tradition."*

The reign of Gustavus III later was one of the most enlightened, his Court one of the most brilliant, in Swedish history. As the poet Tegnér says, "There lies a glamour over the days of Gustavus, a brightness fantastic, foreign, and worldly, if you will, but there was sunshine in it." A sort of radiancy and joy of life pervades and characterises the Gustavian era. It was strongly influenced by the rococo tastes and philosophic tendencies of French society and letters of the

* Harald Hjärne, *Karl XII, Omströtningen i Österuropa,* 1697—1703.

time, yet the powerful instincts and the native idiosyncrasies of the North never entirely lost their ground. Literature and art attained an unprecedented lustre under this double influence. Bellman founded Swedish lyrical poetry, Sergel created the Scandinavian school of art, to which the Dane Thowaldsen afterwards gave a world-wide renown; French classics were revived in Scandinavian forms, and Court poets, like Creutz and Gyllenborg, praised Swedish nature, while Kjellgren composed Swedish dramas after classic French models. But Thorild, Leopold, and Anna Maria Lenngren drew their inspiration from native sources, and wrote verses with a pure Scandinavian clang, The King and his mother loved pomp and ceremony and ostentatious display. They surrounded themselves with all the wit and talent of the land, copied the manners and etiquette of Versailles, and vied in making their reign *le regne du bel esprit.* Their Court spoke French, affected Versailles manners, and gave itself up to carousals and private theatricals. Society copied the Court and emulated it in intellectual refinement and

elegance of manner. The bulk of the people, who only spoke Swedish and continued their healthy Northern life, were nevertheless enraptured by Bellman's songs, amused by Anna Maria Lenngren's exquisite satires on life and society, and permeated with the love of nature and the joy of life breathed by their poets.

Thus, if the great memories of Gustavus Adolphus inspire the Swedes with the pride of high deeds and military glory, and those of Charles XII teach them the virtue of self-reliance and patrotic self-sacrifice, the days of Gustavus III have left them traditions of brilliancy, refinement, and culture.

These circumstances must be born in mind in forming a judgement on the national character of the Swedes. They are what the nature of their country and the vicissitudes of their history have made them. They have all the love of action and adventure of the Vikings; all the natural pride of past greatness, with the diffidence and self-disparagement of altered fortunes. The softness and beauty of their summers has given them their fondness for nature and the kindliness

of heart which a true love of nature inspires. Read the poets, from Bellman and Tegnér to Snoilsky and von Heidenstam, and you will be specially struck by these characteristics. Their heroes are all men of action; their landscapes are living pictures, drawn by a loving hand and a beating heart; their patriotism is inspired by an intense love of their native soil. This love of nature and daring adventure, combined with earnestness in scientific research, is typified in the lives of such men as Linnæus, in his generalisations in botany; Berzelius and von Scheele, in their researches in chemistry; Nordenskiöld, in his Arctic discovery, and Sven Hedin in his travels in Central Asia and Thibet.

The very contrasts and contradictions in character, for which the Swedes are noted, seem to remind one of the extremes of their climate. They are decidedly energetic, and yet lacking in perseverance; naturally conservative, yet eager to adopt every novelty; alike aristocratic and ultra-democratic. They unite an inborn generosity with a propensity to envy; a love of ostentation and display with an inplicit veracity and a charming

straightforwardness; an ardent love of their country with a tendency to self-depreciation and an undisguised admiration for everything foreign. With great love of freedom and a jealous regard for individual independence, they are great hero-worshippers and ready to exalt merit, genius, and courage above everything else.

Sweden has worked out its internal political problems without violence or bloodshed. When one reflects on the horrors, the streams of innocent blood which the solving of these problems has cost other nations, one must admit that the Swedes are wise and well-balanced as a people, and yet there is none more easily excitable, proner to enthusiasm and readier to fight for an idea.*

The patriotism of the Swede is indeed in no ways exclusive. It has nothing of the French *chauvinisme,* of the "insular" feeling of the English, or the triumphant sense of "whipping creation" of the American. But it is very real, notwithstanding. It is of the silent, self-sacrificing character which distinguished it in the days of Charles XII.

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* *Svenskarnes Lynne,* V. von Heidenstam.

It is no longer of the sort which engenders the spirit of conquest; it is of the perhaps nobler, purer quality which lives and thrives in the love of the soul, the home, the language, the racial traditions. It shuns bluster and bragging, and dreads nothing so much as being convicted of boasting—boasting especially of a past which it knows never will return and has been long since forgotten. It dreads, also, spiritual stagnation and intellectual isolation, which are a token of low vitality. It has but one ambition: to prove equal to the intellectual demands of the age and to be among the leaders in the field of progress, which is its modern role in life.

The mixture of conservatism and lively interest in novelty, in every forward step made by the world in the interest of humanity at large, has given Sweden national stability while saving her from the stagnating efforts of isolation. She has been able to avoid alike the want of self-restraint of democracies and the evils of what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls "over-government." Likewise the strong democratic feeling ingrained in the people, tempered by the old sentiment of

loyalty and personal attachment to the ruling head, gives her monarchical government the strongest guarantees of popular support in traversing the natural evolutions necessary to continued progress and in avoiding that unrest and discontent of the masses which is the general sign of the times.

Of the many prominent Swedish-Americans on the honor roll of American history, no names shines brighter than the name of John Ericsson, the native backwood's man of old Sweden. I'll close this chapter with the story of the Merrimac as related by W. W. Thomas, U. S. Minister to Sweden, on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of the first landing of the Swedes at Delaware:—

"We, of this generation, can never forget the incidents of the great American Rebellion, that Titanic contest that for four years raged over the continent. We can never forget our bright days of victory, nor our dark and gloomy days of defeat, when everything that was dear and sacred to us as a nation seemed trembling in the balance. Shall we ever forget one memorable morning when the rebel ram, Merrimac, steamed out of

Norfolk harbor, and, with her prow of iron, came down upon our wooden walls of defence, lying at anchor at Hampton Roads? How cruelly that monster iron-clad gored one after another of our brave ships to the death, while the shot from our cannon rattled off her coat of mail harmless as hailstones. How bravely went down the good ship Cumberland, with the stars and stripes still floating at her masthead, and with three hundred immortals on board, who fired the last broadside as the waters of the ocean poured into the muzzles of their guns. Then all was terror and consternation. Telegrams were sent from headquarters to New York, Boston and Portland, to all maritime cities. 'The Merrimac has escaped. She has broken the blockade. She has sunk the bravest ships of our navy. We have nothing that can cope with her. Take care of yourselves; we cannot protect you.'

"I recollect well how the news was received in Portland. How our citizens consulted together. How it was proposed to construct rafts of long lumber, and chain them across the harbor, to save, if possible, our beautiful

city by the sea from the shot and shell of this rebel monster. For a few short hours that rebel ram was 'Mistress of the Seas.'

"Then what! A little nondescript craft comes steaming in from the ocean, 'a Yankee cheesebox on a raft,' it was called in derision. But she steams straight for the Merrimac, the big turret. 'The cheesebox' begins to revolve; the big guns are run out, and the big cannon balls are hurled, one after another, with crushing effect against the mailed armour of the Confederate crusier. The contest was long; the fight was hard; but at its close this rebel ruler of the waves, crippled, disabled and defeated, was glad to crawl out of the fight, to roam the seas no more.

"This is familiar to you as household words; but let us not forget that the inventive genius who planned and built and gave us the Monitor, that apparently insignificant means of defence, which in that hour, under God, was the salvation of our navy, our blockade, and our prestige on the seas—let us not forget, I say, that he, the inventor of the Monitor, was no American born, but the Swede, John Ericsson, the son of a Swedish

miner, born and bred in the backwoods of old Sweden."

Of all the nationalities and peoples who have immigrated to the United States, no nation or people has furnished in a single person a man who has done so great and important service to the people and government of the United States as John Ericsson, the native backwoods man of Sweden.

WHO SIGHS SO DEEPLY IN THE PINE-WOODS?

By *B. E. Malmström.*

A little lad is playing a drear October night
Below the whispering linden, tall and yellow;
He sees the heavens sparkling with many a lovely light,
He hears the rustling leaves, the little fellow.
But while he thus is sitting in simple, lonely dreams,
The grove so dark and gloomy in glowing twilight seems;
Then comes a sigh so deep from the pine-woods.

The little boy he listens: dismay creeps o'er his mind,
And soon he flies along the darkened alley.
His frightened, childish fancy but dismal thoughts can find,
And thus he runs astray from home and valley.
He thinks of father, mother, he thinks of sister dear:
"O God, protect the lost one, so lonely, lonely here!"
Then comes a sigh so deep from the pine-woods.
The shining moon glides calmly from murky, shattered cloud;
Its mellow silver lake and woodland chasten:

The frightened shadows quickly near to the mountains crowd,
And to the north the evil spirits hasten.
The Alpine peak is gleaming, the wood is dark and drear
And in the dripping birch-tree the owl sings of fear:
Then comes a sigh so deep from the pine-woods.

And o'er the fields he hurries, the little lad, with fright
While many tales before his fancy hover.
The stars of heaven wander, and slowly wanes the night;
But, ah! his way he can no more discover:
"Yet twinkling stars up yonder on heaven's shining way,
Ye withered little flowers, oh! tell me, tell me, pray,
Who sighed so deeply here in the pine-woods?"

But all the stars were silent, the flowers silent stood,
And many a bitter tear the lad was shedding.
Then came he to the fairies, who dwell in moon-lit wood,
And swiftly in their graceful ring was treading.
"O, ye who dance so gently on heather-woven way,
Ye lovely little sisters, oh! tell me, tell me, pray,
Who sighed so deeply here in the pine-woods?"

The tiny queen of fairies with lips of coral smiled
And stroked with gentle charm the little fellow:
"Weep not," she said, "my darling, though far from home beguiled,
Though frightened from yon linden, tall and yellow;
But seat thee on this hillock, in heather-woven dell,
And let me wipe, my darling, thy tears and I shall tell
Who sighed so deeply here in the pine-woods."

"When evening shadows gather, enfolding wood and lake,
And all the voices hush, both gay and bitter,
When on the beach the weary, the dying billows break
And all the pretty stars begin to glitter,
Lo! then the vault of heaven grows crystal, pure and bright,
A host of holy angels below then speed their flight
And weep on earth their midnight tears of silver.

"And earth beholds her image, reflected in the skies,
And finds herself so gloomy and rejected;

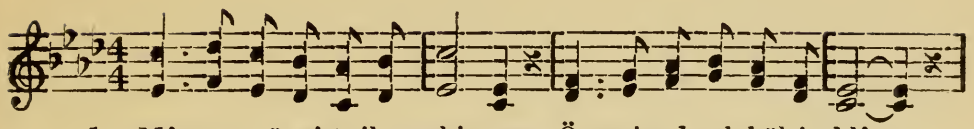
She tells all sins and murders, all treacheries and lies,
Wherewith for centuries she is infected.
And through her saddened bosom a deadly horror creeps,
And every mount is praying, and every valley weeps:
Then comes a sigh so deep from the pine-woods.''

''I thank thee, queen of fairies! I'll not forget thy tale,
And now I fear no more my lone returning.
Behold! There is my pathway in yonder moon-lit vale!
Bood-bye! To thee my heart shall oft be yearning.
I am but poor and lowly, nor gold nor riches make,
Yet to the Lord I promise, that never for my sake
There shall be heard a sigh in the pine-woods!''

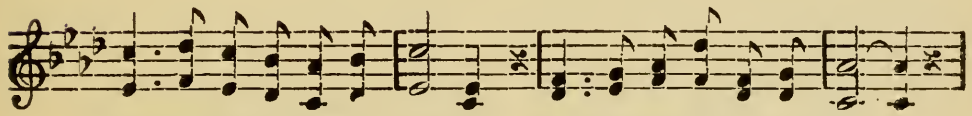
(From a translation in: "Masterpieces from Swedish Literature.")

This poem is characteristic of the drift of the representative poems in the Swedish Literature. An English poet said, it would be worth the while to learn the Swedish language only for the value of being able to read this poem in its original language.

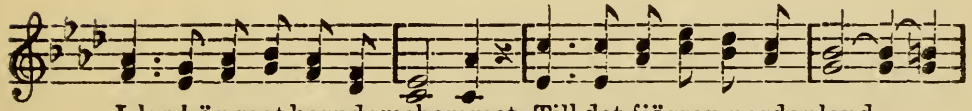
Längtan till fosterjorden



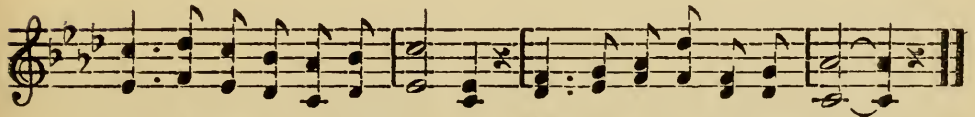
1. Månen strör sitt silver-skimmer Ö-ver land och böl-ja blå
2. Kunde jag lik tanken i - la Ö-ver land och hav ock-så,
3. Där jag lyssnat med förtjusning Till den sakta vindens sus,
4. Ut - i nordens fa-gra lun-der Har jag drömt min barndomsdröm,
5. Und-ra då om tanken i - lar Till min hembygds gyllne strand!



Allt är lugnt och tyst i lun-den En-dast tanken i - lar då,
Nog jag vet, vart färden ställdes I den vi-da världen då,
Där jag sett de vre-da böl-jor, Där jag hört orkanens brus,
Vandrat på dess berg och ängar, Hoppat över bäck och ström;
Härmed sänder jag min hälsning Till mitt kä-ra fos-ter - land;

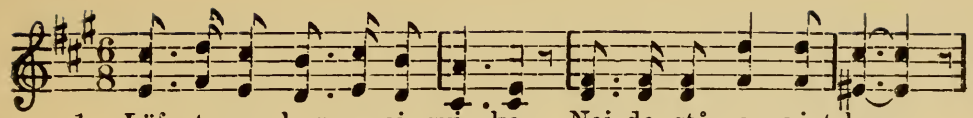


I-lar hän mot barndomshemmet, Till det fjärran nordanland,
Ingen plats på he - la jor-den Är mig me-ra huld och kär,
Och på lug-na vi-kens spegel Har jag rott min båt från strand,
I dess frid-om-hölj-da da-lar, Där man glömde livets tvång,
Från ett barn i fjärran västern, Säg att jag än äl-skar dem,

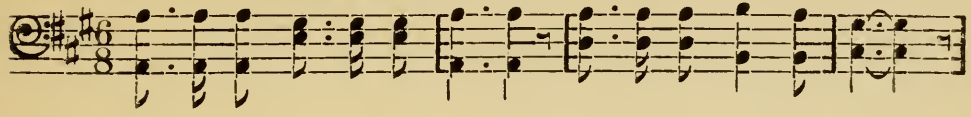


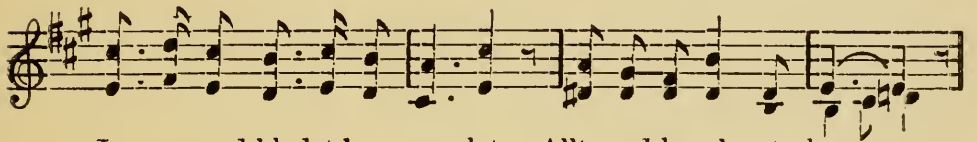
Där jag först har skådat lju-set På min hembygds sköna strand.
Än det land i hö - ga nor-den, Som min sköna hembygd är.
Och för vin-den his-sat se - gel Och styrt å - ter e-mot land.
Jag hört gök och näkter-ga-lar Och mångtusen fåg-lars sång.
Fa-der, moder, sys-ter, broder, Al - la vänner, land och hem.

"Löftena de stå kvar"

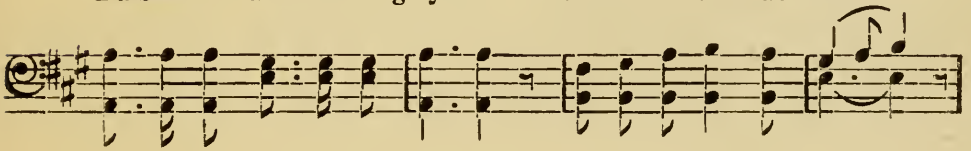


1. Löf - te-na kun-na ej svi - ka, Nej de stå e - vigt kvar.
2. Gör så-som Ab - ra-ham gjorde, Blic-ka mot him-len opp!
3. Tro, när det mörknar på färden, So - len ej slocknat har!
4. Tro, när dig vän-ner-na svi-ka, Tro när blott en står kvar.
5. Tro, un-der allt vad dig mö-ter Snart du ju hem-ma är

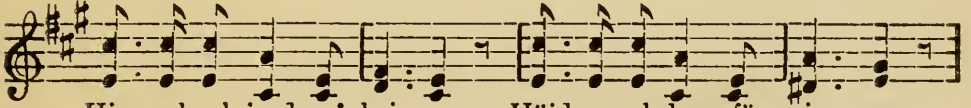




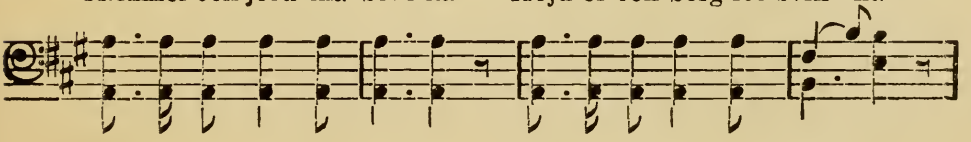
Je - sus med blodet be - seg - lat Allt, vad han lovat har.
Me-dan du stjärnor-na räk-nar Väx-lar din tro, ditt hopp.
Blott några timmar och se-dan Strå-lar en mor-gon klar.
Je - sus din vän skall dig föl - ja Al - la ja al - la dar.
Då skall i å - skådning synas Det som du trod-de här.

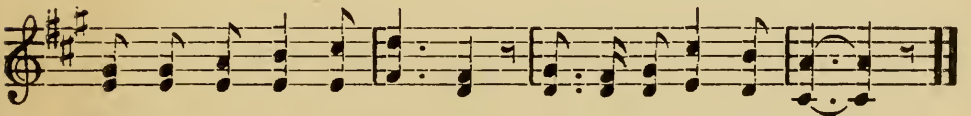
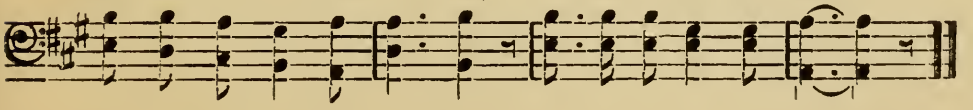


KÖR.



Himmel och jord må brin-na Höjd-er och berg för-svin - na





Men den som tror skall fin - na, Löf - te-na de stå kvar.